

Casual Conversation by Luddleston

Category: The Witcher (TV), Wiedźmin | The Witcher - All Media Types

Genre: Banter, Bi Yennefer, F/M, Friendship, M/M, actually just everyone is bi, bi jaskier, discussions of previous sexual encounters, future poly relationship probably, jaskier is afraid of yen's kinks, mutual appreciation of geralt's assets

Language: English

Characters: Geralt z Rivii | Geralt of Rivia, Jaskier | Dandelion, Yennefer z Vengerbergu | Yennefer of Vengerberg

Relationships: Geralt z Rivii | Geralt of Rivia/Jaskier | Dandelion, Geralt z Rivii | Geralt of Rivia/Yennefer z Vengerbergu | Yennefer of Vengerberg

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Summary:

Jaskier asks Yennefer a question about sorceresses. Yennefer tells Jaskier some interesting things about Geralt.

Jaskier thinks he might be friends with Yennefer now?

Casual Conversation

Author's Note:

This is called "let jas and yen be friends.doc" so I guess that tells y'all my feelings.

Geralt has two hands they can both hold one.

"You know what I don't understand?" Jaskier started, as they packed up camp and prepared to head further up the mountain on this ridiculous dragon quest Geralt decided to go along with—but Jaskier wasn't complaining, no. A dragon would make an excellent subject for an epic.

"How to not be entirely irritating?" Yennefer suggested.

"Ha, ha. No. What I don't understand is: why are there separate schools for sorcerers and sorceresses? Are you not taught the same principles?" He kicked sand at the campfire, which somebody else had already extinguished, in order to look like he was doing something. "I mean, we're far past the days where there are separate universities for men and women. Should magic be so different?"

Yennefer was taking her time gathering up her things and looking very much like she usually did it with magic. She was either conserving her power for later use, or trying to prove to the rest of the group that she didn't need magic for everything. Jaskier didn't quite understand—if he had magical powers at his disposal, he would use them for everything.

"If the sorcerers do have some secret," Yennefer said, "it's too useless for anybody to care. We would have found out by now. No, they're not separate because the magic is inherently different."

"Then why separate them? Abstinence?" That had been why the men and women had separate dormitories when he was studying. Although, the windows of the women's lodging had been very easy to climb into, and if

Jaskier didn't want to climb through windows, well, there were other options.

Yennefer laughed, high and sharp. "They're not trying to keep people from *fucking*, Jaskier, we can teleport."

"Yes, well, and depending on your tastes, not teleporting would also be fine," he said. "I mean, if you were interested in women as well as men."

She rolled her eyes. "That wouldn't've worked."

Ah, damn. He'd thought he'd finally met somebody else without a preference in that department. "Only the male species for you then, eh?" He didn't mention anything about himself, but he was almost certain that if Yennefer cared, she would already know.

"It's not that I'm uninterested in women," Yennefer said, focusing very hard on sorting through her bags for another book on dragons, as though books would help when one was faced with a real, live, snarling dragon. "It's that women would not have been interested in me. At least not back then. Men don't give a shit if you're unfortunate-looking or deformed, as long as you have breasts, they're entranced, because it's novel. Women have their own, and so it's nothing interesting."

"I don't think that's a very fair representation of men. I mean, I wouldn't—"

She lifted her gaze to him and he couldn't help but take a step back. "Would you?" Her head tilted, very much like a wildcat before it attacked.

"Well, maybe I would have, at some point..."

"And even if you wouldn't, Jaskier, you're not exactly a representation of every man in the world," she went on. "Most men don't know how to please a woman, only how to please themselves. She has to find pleasure in her own way." She opened the book, although Jaskier wasn't sure she was actually reading, because it would be hard to give a treatise on gender at the same time.

Jaskier gave up and sat beside her on the rock she was perched upon. "In what way?" he asked.

She thought for a moment. "I prefer creating the illusion that I have an entire audience of nobility watching and applauding. Something like that."

Few things disturbed Jaskier straight down to his bones like that, made him shudder so fully he could feel it in his teeth. He couldn't stop from saying something like "*eugh*."

"Usually, the illusion is of people I know," she continued, "it's more entertaining that way."

He rubbed his arms to rid himself of the chills. A threesome was one thing. An *orgy* was one thing. An audience was another, and it was something Jaskier only enjoyed when he was fully clothed and playing a musical instrument. "Agh, nooo, *why* would he ever fuck you if you do that?"

"Geralt?" she asked, as though Jaskier had a close personal relationship with any of her other lovers. As though Jaskier even knew their names. "No, no, I don't have to do that with him. Geralt is, thus far, the only man I've ever known who actually cares about a woman's pleasure *more* than his own. Significantly more."

"Does he?" Jaskier's eyes trailed over to where Geralt was sharpening his sword, preparing for the day ahead. He hadn't fully dressed in all of his armor, and his shirtsleeves were pushed up to his elbows, revealing muscled forearms decorated with scars. "Huh. No wonder so many women are so attracted to him." *Women, and others*, he thought.

"No wonder," Yennefer said. She was paying less attention to Jaskier than her book.

"I always guessed it was his figure," Jaskier said, "you know, the muscles, the shoulders, the... everything. He has such big hands, you can just imagine them all over..."

"I can." Still only twenty-five percent focused on his words.

"Or, you know, the eyes. Everybody says they're odd, but they're quite enchanting, I mean, who else do you know of with eyes that look like liquid gold? It's poetic. His mouth is rather poetic as well." Jaskier ran his fingers over his own lips, unconsciously. Geralt had turned away from him, and so all of the compliments Jaskier spilled were from memory.

Yennefer shut her book with a snap that startled him and almost made him fall over backwards, jolted out of his reverie. She stood, Jaskier scrambling to his feet to follow her. "You're right," she said, "about all of it. Though, there are a few things you don't know about our dear Witcher."

"Such as...?"

"Such as—" she looked at him, smiling wide enough to show her teeth, not that fake little grin she gave to people who were being patronising, "—his range of hearing."

Jaskier turned, eyes wide. Geralt was still in the exact place he had been, facing away from them, but there was no denying the way he was hunched over, shoulder shaking just a little, hand pressed to his mouth to hide the fact that he was laughing. "*Yennefer!*" Jaskier screeched, and then switched to his perfected brand of whisper-shouting. "*Why didn't you stop me when you knew he was listening?*" He knew his face was crimson, and he had a sudden and violent urge to bury his face in his hands.

"Oh, come now," Yennefer said, turning away from him and tossing her hair over one shoulder. "What fun would that be?"

Author's Note:

Can I just say how much I appreciate this fandom for supporting my gay nonsense and my general witcher nonsense bc yall are amazing. Especially everyone who's commented on my really old witcher fics, I'm so excited whenever I see people are still reading those!!